

T H E
FOLLIES OF A DAY:
O R,
THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.

A
COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY BY

MONSIEUR BEAUMARCHAIS,

And acted at the KING'S THEATRE, PARIS, with
uncommon Success;

Translated and adapted for the ENGLISH Stage,

By MR. HOLCROFT.

And performed with great Applause at the

THEATRES - ROYAL,
COVENT-GARDEN AND SMOCK-ALLEY.

D U B L I N:

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Shapleigh



P R O L O G U E.

WRITTEN BY MR. HOLCROFT.

Spoken by Mr. DAVIES.

TO-NIGHT a child of chance is hither brought,
Who could be neither borrow'd, begg'd, nor bought;
Nay, so alert was said to be the droll,
'Twas well affirm'd he was not to be stole;
But hence dispatch'd, back by Apollo's warrant,
A messenger has kidnapp'd this wag-errant;
Poetic fugitive, has hither dragg'd him,
And safely here arriv'd has now ungagg'd him;
To plead before this court his whole amenance,
Where, should you sentence him to public penance,
Oh, sad-reverse! how would he foam and fret,
And sigh for Paris and his sweet Soubrette!
Where twice ten thousand tongues are proud to greet
him,

And wing'd applause on tip-toe stands to meet him;
Where the grim guard in nightly rapture stands,
And grounds his musket to get at his hands;
Where the retentive pit all prone t'adore him,
Repeats his *bon-mots*, half a bar before him;
While every *bel-esprit* at every hit,
Grows fifty fold more conscious of his wit.

If "far-fetch'd, and dear bought," give trifles worth,
Sure you'll applaud our Figaro's second birth.
Nought of his present merit must we say;
Bear but in mind our day's a Spanish day.
Cupid in warmer climes urg'd by the grape,
Calls not each petty violence a rape!
But, oft his vot'ries leaves intoxicate,
Hence Figaro himself is illegitimate*.

A 2

, Sanction'd

* Here Mr. Holcroft, who spoke the Prologue the first three nights, introduced the following lines:

Fain would I speak a word of what I feel,
My bosom hopes and fears; but I appeal—

Not

P R O L O G U E.

Sanction'd by you, howe'er this little blot,
If once in fashion will be soon forgot ;
That signature which each kind hand bestows,
Shall make him well-receiv'd where'er he goes.

Not to your justice—that I dread to meet—
But to the clement heart, that gracious fear ;
Where melting mercy sits enthron'd, sedate,
Turning her eyes from errors, mild in state,
Bidding this maxim in her mem'ry live,
" 'Tis human to offend, 'tis godlike to forgive !"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	<i>London.</i>	<i>Dublin.</i>
Count Almaviva,	Mr. Lewis,	Mr. Daly.
Don Guzman, <i>President of a court of justice,</i>	} Mr. Quick,	} Mr. Moss.
Dr. Bartholo, <i>a physician,</i>		
Figaro or Fernando,	Mr. Bonner,	Mr. Ryder.
Antonio, <i>a drunken Gardener,</i>	} Mr. Edwin,	} Mr. O'Reilly.
Doublefee, <i>clerk to the justice.</i>		
Basil, <i>a music master,</i>	Mr. Wewitzer,	Mr. G. Dawson.
Bounce, <i>a fire-worker,</i>	Mr. Stevens,	Mr. Baker.
Hannibal, <i>page to the count,</i>	} Mrs. Martyr,	} Miss Jarrett.
Countess Almaviva,		
Marcelina,	Mrs. Bates,	Mrs. Cornelys.
Agnes,	Mrs. Webb,	Mrs. Hannam.
Susan,	Miss Wewitzer,	Mrs. O'Reilly.
	Mrs. Wilton,	Mrs. Daly.

Lawyers, Crier of the Court, Guards, Country Girls,
Servants, &c.

S C E N E, Castle of Almaviva.

THE

T H E

FOLLIES OF A DAY:

O R,

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.

A C T I.

SCENE, A Room at the Count's; FIGARO discovered measuring the Room with a ten Feet Rule. A great Chair on.

Figaro. EIGHTEEN feet by twenty-six.

Enter Susan.

Susan. Twenty-six! Why, what are you measuring the chamber for?

Fig. To see if the bed the Count means to give us preparatory to our nuptials will stand here.

Susan. Here! what in this chamber?

Fig. Yes, in this chamber.

Susan. I won't lie in this chamber.

Fig. No! why so?

Susan. Because I won't.

Fig. Your reason, Susan?

Susan. Reason! Perhaps, I have no reason; or perhaps I don't choose to give my reason. It is too near the Count's.

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Fig. The Count's!

Susan. Yes, too near Count Alnaviva's, who only three years since, by thy assistance, gained Rosina from her jealous guardian Doctor Bartholo; and who in the first transports of his passion for her, gave up the privilege of his district—

Fig. Which he's very sorry for,—the pleasure of sleeping the first night with every bride, which you know, as Lord of the Manor he had a right to claim, and then returning from the rustics in the country to the Castle and his wife.

Susan. Thy wife you mean.

Fig. Hey!

Susan. A young bride, on the morning of her marriage is better than a neglected wife. Do you think now, Mr. Wiseacre, that the portion the Count has promised us, is meant as a reward for thy services?

Fig. To be sure. I think I have some reason to hope so.

Susan. Indeed! Lord, Lord! what great fools are you men of wit! 'Tis meant as a reward for services and favours he expects me to grant; and which his faithful agent Basil never fails to repeat to me every morning with my lesson.

Fig. Basil!

Susan. Yes, Basil, his amorous solicitor.

Fig. Indeed! But if a tough ashen plant or supple jack twine not round his soliciting side.—Oh, that it were but possible to turn the tables on this arch poacher, lead this Count of ours into a fool's paradise, and make him pay for a delicious morsel he shall never taste. (*Kissing her hand.*)

Susan. Ay, now art thou in thy element.—Plots and contrivances—(*Bell rings*) Oh! there's my Lady's bell.—I must fly. She desired me not to fail coming first to her bedside this morning.

Fig. But why the first?

Susan. Because you know, they say the sight of a bride in the morning of her marriage, is lucky to a neglected wife.

Fig.

Fig. Ay, my dear Susan, you shall never be so neglected. Give me one kiss to sharpen my wits, and give my invention a whet, that I may be even with the Count. (*Going to kiss her.*)

Susan. No, no, no. If I kiss my lover to-day, what will my husband say to me to-morrow?

Fig. Oh thou dear girl! (*Kisses her.*)

Susan. Pshaw! when will you leave off thus trifling from morning to night?

Fig. When? Why, when I can trifle thus from night till morning.

Susan. Oh, you liquorish rogue! [*Exit Susan.*]

Fig. What a charming girl! She's an angel! Such grace, so much meekness, prudence and modesty! Oh Figaro, thou art a happy man!—So, Mr. Basil, you are my noble Count's amorous emissary, and to my bride too! But I'll teach you to put your spoon in my milk. 'Tis plain why the Count, who has made me the steward of his household at the Castle, should now change his mind, and appoint me messenger in ordinary on this his embassy to France, and Susan lady of the back-stairs, and ambassadress of his bed-chamber. I, a trusty secretary, dashing through thick and thin, wearing myself to a skeleton, for the good of my noble lord's family; he, labouring night and day for the increase of mine. That is too much by half. What! represent his majesty and me both at once! No, no, no, that is being too kind—But hold, hold—a moment's reflection, friend Figaro, on the affairs of the Day. Then first keep away a certain lady called Marcelina, who has lent thee money, and wants thee to marry her; and which it will be very convenient for thy affairs never more to mention. But talk of the devil—Hey! what is that old rascal here too?

Enter Marcelina and Doctor Bartholo.

Mar. Good-morrow, Mr. Bridegroom.

Fig. Good-morrow, Madam Marcelina.—Oh, doctor Bartholo, are you here?

Bar. Don't you see I am?

Fig.

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Fig. This is kind. What, are you come to see me married?

Bar. No, to see thee hanged first. [*Turns up.*]

Fig. Very much obliged to you, doctor, and you, Marcelina; because you see 'tis not compatible with my happiness to marry you, you are determined to frustrate my plan of felicity, and hinder my marriage with Susan!

Mar. Don't entertain me with such conversation.

Fig. You see I can't love you. Why will you endeavour to make me hate you? [*Exit Figaro.*]

Bar. Now there's a rascal that will never mend.

Mar. No, doctor, 'tis you will never mend, so eternally dull, slow, and insensible.

Bar. But why am I sent for in such haste? Is the Count indisposed?

Mar. No, doctor; 'tis the Countess is indisposed.

Bar. Ah! what's her disorder?

Mar. A faithless husband.

Bar. A very common complaint.

Mar. The Count has forsaken her, and falls in love with every fresh face.

Bar. I am glad of it. It serves her right for her usage to me. I knew Count Almaviva would revenge the wrongs of doctor Bartholo. So the Count has forsaken her, and she I suppose returns the obligation.

Mar. Charitable doctor!

Bar. And that arch rascal Figaro and Susan are going to be married, and the Count is willing. Eh! he's an agent in the business.

Mar. No, doctor; the Count wishes to act as principal, rather than as agent.

Bar. What, in private with the bride? And she, I suppose, has no objection to it.

Mar. Basil, her music master, says to the contrary.

Bar. Basil! what is that rascal here too? This house is a den of thieves.

Mar. Yes, he is here; and is every day persecuting me with his fulsome addresses. There's no getting rid of them.

Bar. Making love to you!

Mar.

Mar. Yes, doctor ; making love to me.

Bar. Marry him, marry him. I'll answer for the cure.

Mar. Very obliging. And pray, doctor, why don't you get rid of me by the same means ?

Bar. Why, what the devil is the matrimonial furor on you again ?

Mar. Yes, doctor ; and since you are resolved not to marry me yourself, will you assist me to marry another ?

Bar. Most willingly, with all meekness of heart. But what mortal is so forsaken, so abandoned of the world and women, to be mad enough to marry thee ?

Mar. Who ! Why, who but Figaro ; the youthful, the engaging, the blooming, the generous Figaro.

Bar. Yes, engaging and generous as a highway-man.

Mar. As a nobleman ; and he has kindly promised to marry me.

Bar. Promised ! What, has he given you any——

Mar. Yes, and under his own hand ; and as the Count you know is judge in his own lordship, and as he wants Susan for himself, I know his respect for justice will make Figaro's promise to me valid.

Bar. Excellent ! By Galen, I shall be revenged for all the wrongs he has done me by stealing my ward, and cheating me of an hundred pistoles. The rascal shall marry my old house-keeper.

Mar. So he shall, doctor—he shall marry me. Yes, yes, he shall marry me.

Enter Susan, with a gown or sacque in her hand, and a cap with a morone coloured ribbon.

Susan. Marry you ! Who ? not my Figaro.

Mar. And why not me as well as you ?

Bar. Servant, Mrs. Susan. We were just saying how happy Figaro would be with such a wife.

Mar. Yes ; the young lady's a pretty sort of person.

Susan. The young lady is as pretty sort of person, I suppose, as the old lady.

Bar.

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Bar. Ay, now for it, now for a quarrel. [*Aside.*

Mar. I fancy the Count thinks so. Well, well; 'tis but fit he should partake of pleasures he so liberally bestows on his vassals. [*Exeunt Mar. and Bar.*

Susan. Why, you old Sybil—get along.—Because she took care of my lady in her infancy, and had the tormenting her in her youth, she thinks she has a right to domineer over every body in the Castle. When that old cat is here, I always forget what I come for.

[*Hangs the gown on the chair.*

Enter Page.

Page. Ah, my dear Susan, how happy am I to find you alone!

Susan. Well; and what have you got to say to me, now you have found me alone?

Page. A great deal, Susan. My Lord is going to send me back to my papa and mama; so I come to get you to speak to the Countess, to intercede with my Lord; and if my charming godmother don't obtain a pardon for me, I shall be for ever deprived of thy sweet company.

Susan. My sweet company! Poor dear child! He's courting all day with Agnes, in love with my Lady, and distressed at leaving my sweet company! Why, you little amorous rogue, you are in love with every woman you meet.

Page. I know I am, Susan, and I cannot help it. I like to make love; and when I've nobody to make love to, I breathe my passion to the winds, the waters, the trees, and sometimes to myself. Why, it was but yesterday I met Marcelina—

Susan. Marcelina! You have named a pretty object for love truly.

Page. Why, she's a woman, Susan.

Susan. A pretty creature indeed! But pray, my young gentleman, how came you to incur my Lord's displeasure.

Page. Because he found me in the chamber of Agnes.

Susan.

Susan. And pray, what were you doing in the chamber of Agnes!

Page. I was only teaching her the love-scene she's to play in the new comedy.

Susan. And my Lord wanted to teach her himself.

Page. He bid me get out for a little — and he called me such a name.

Susan. Ay! what was it?

Page. I can't for my life tell you what. I'm ashamed to tell it before a woman. Ah, Susan, Agnes is very kind to me. She is good-natured enough to listen to me; and that's more than you will, though I love you so.

Susan. The boy's bewitched. Love me, you little amorous villain! — I'll tell my lady what you say. She shall know of your tricks in Agnes's chamber. Yes, yes; the Countess shall know of all your tricks.

Page. Oh, my charming godmother! Ah, Susan, she is a divinity, an Angel! Her very smiles are awful.

Susan. Oh, very well. That's as much as to say, you may do what you please with such as Agnes and me.

Page. Oh, Susan, Susan! how I do envy thee being always with my dear Lady in her chamber, undressing her every night, dressing her every morning, putting her to bed, looking at her, touching her! oh, Susan, Susan, what have you got there? (*Pointing to the ribband.*)

Susan. Oh, the boy's certainly distracted! This, Hannibal, is the charming ribbon that binds the cap, that enfolds the auburn ringlets of the beauteous Countess every night.

Page. That dear ribbon!

Susan. Yes, this dear ribbon.

Page. Give it me, Susan.

Susan. Give it you! Indeed I won't.

Page. Let me just—(*snatches it.*)

Susan. Give it me again, or I shall be very angry.

Page. Be as angry as thou wilt, you shall never have it again. You shall have one of my eyes sooner.

Susan. I say I will have it. 'Tis my Lady's ribbon; so give it me.

Page.

Page. If you don't be easy, Susan, I'll kiss you.

[Runs to her.

Susan. Oh! let me alone, you little rogue.—Well, I'll venture to say, that in two or three years, thou wilt be the veriest knave, the most deceitful villain that falsehood ever framed.

(Page puts the ribbon into his breast, and takes out a paper.)

Page. Here, Susan, take this paper. It contains a song I made on my beauteous Lady, my charming godmother.

Count (without). Jaques! Jaques! (calls to a servant.

Susan. Oh dear! I'm undone. Here's my Lord.

Page. Oh dear! what will become of me? This is as bad as the chamber of Agnes.

Count. Jaques. (They run about confused till they meet at the great chair, the page slips behind the chair.)

Page. Oh dear! oh dear!

Susan. Here, here! (They run about, &c.)

Enter Count.

Count. Ah, my charming girl, have I found you at last? How fortunate to meet thee thus alone!—You seem confused.

[Sits down in the great chair.

Susan. Oh dear! only consider if my Lady should find you here.

Count. Why, I must confess that would be a little mal a propos. But the King has done me the honour (kisses her hand) to appoint me his (kisses) ambassador to the court of (kisses) France. I shall give Figaro an excellent post (plays with her hand) and as 'tis the duty of every wife to follow her husband, we shall then, my Susan, have opportunities enough.

Susan. Now, my Lord, how can you talk so?

[Fidgetting.

Count. Why not, my lovely girl? [Kisses her hand.

Susan. I thought (she comes from the chair, he follows.) your love for my Lady, whom you took so much pains to steal from her old guardian Doctor Bartholo,

was

was too pure to let you think of any other woman ; and for whom, in the rapture of your transport you abolished a certain odious custom of—of—

Count. Of claiming a certain privilege, and for which deed all the pretty girls are ready to hang themselves. Are not they, Susan ? (*Pulling her.*)

Susan. No indeed, my Lord ; 'tis no such thing.

Count. But why, Susan, are you for ever so shy ? Do, my sweet girl, meet me this evening by the twilight, near the pavillion. [*Having still hold of her.*]

Susan. Upon my life I can't, I won't do any such thing.

Count. Now, my dear Susan, if thou wilt but grant me this small favour, there is nothing I won't do for thee.

Basil. (*without*) Is my Lord this way ?

Susan. There, my Lord, there's Basil. I would not he should find you here for the universe. What shall I do ? [*She runs about.*]

Count. Hush ! where the devil shall I hide myself ? Where can I lie concealed ? Zounds ! here's a chair. I'll hide behind that. (*Retires behind the chair, the page getting into it, and Susan covering him with the tail of the gown, the body part hanging over the back of the chair.*)

Susan. There, lie close.

Count. Ay, ay, never fear. [*Thinking she speaks to him.*]

Enter Basil.

Basil. He's not in his own room, perhaps he's in Susan's. Oh, Susan, I thought my Lord had been here.

Susan. Here ! what should he be here for ?

Basil. You know very well for what. It would not be very surprizing if he was, as he is so very fond of you.

Susan. It would be more surprizing to find you honest.

Basil. But why should he not be here, when you know how he adores you ?

Susan. I know no such thing.

Basil. But Figaro is in quest of him to sign the marriage articles.

Susan. Then he's in quest of the man, who wishes most to injure him, yourself excepted.

Basil. It's very strange now, that civility to the wife should be called injury to the husband.

Count. (*from behind.*) Now I shall hear how he pleads my cause.

Basil. For my part, I always thought marriage of all things the greatest farce. And you, though you won't admit the addresses of his lordship, have no objection to Figaro; so that if you fast to-day, you'll feed to-morrow, grace being first duly said.

Susan. Don't shock my ears with any of your idle sayings.

Basil. Ay, ay; but I know, -madam Susan, that 'tis not Figaro that is a bar to my Lord's amours, but a certain page, who is hankering after every woman in the house. I have observed his amorous looks and ogling eyes. He certainly does throw out some very significant glances at a certain beautiful Countess. But let him beware, for if my Lord finds him out he'll kill him; he'll make him dance without music, I warrant him.

Susan. Hold your tongue, you wicked devil, do!

Basil. Yes, I know I'm a wicked devil, only for opening my eyes.

Susan. There is not a word of truth in what you utter. You are a composition of falsehood.

Basil. Why you know the song he made. Wasn't it upon you he made the song he goes singing up and down the house every morning? 'Twas either on you or my Lady.

Susan. Hold your tongue! 'Tis such as you who talk in this ridiculous manner, and invent such wicked lies of the poor boy, because you know he's fallen under my Lord's displeasure, to hinder his preferment in the family.

Basil. I invent!

Susan. Yes, you invent.

Basil. Invent! that's a good joke. Why 'tis in every body's mouth.

Count. (*Coming from behind the chair*) In every body's mouth ! Let the young rascal have fifty pistoles, and be sent about his business instantly.

Susan. Oh ! oh ! oh ! (*seeming to faint*.)

Count. She is going to faint. Basil, help me to put her into the great chair.

Susan. No, no, I'll not sit down. Oh you envious creature ! Now you have ruin'd the poor boy I hope you are contented.

Basil. I am sorry, my Lord, I happened to speak ; but I only meant it as a conversation to engage Susan to your Lordship.

Count. No matter ; let him depart ; I know his tricks ; a little amorous rascal, that I meet at every corner, dangling after every woman in the house. Why it was but yesterday I surprized him with my gardener's daughter.

Basil. With Agnes, my Lord !

Count. Yes ; and in her very bed-chamber.

Susan. Where my Lord happened to have particular business himself.

Count. Hem, hem ! (*coughs*.) Yes ; for going there to enquire for your uncle Antonio, my drunken gardener, I knocked at the door, waited some time, thought I heard a sort of a whiz or bustle, knocked again ; at last Agnes came and seemed confused, so standing to chat a little, I laid my hand carelessly on a chair, as I do now, where hung a gown or cloak like this, and tossing it off in this manner discovered the little rascal.—(*Takes the gown by degrees off the chair, which discovers the page.*) Why this is a better joke than t'other !

Basil. Better, my Lord ! 'Tis worth ten on't.

Count. But how came he there ? Did he enter with you ?

Basil. No, my Lord, nor since.

Count. So you are determined not to mend your manners I see. Why what a false little villain must you be, to behave with such hypocrisy to your friend Figaro, and to your generous godmother, to attempt to seduce her favourite woman ! But I shall not suffer Figaro, for whom I have the greatest regard, to fall a victim to his duplicity.

Susan.

Susan. There's no victim in the case, my Lord, though the boy was in the room when you entered.

Count. His greatest enemies would not wish him so much mischief.

Susan. The poor boy came here to request I would entreat his Lady to speak in his behalf, having fallen into your Lordship's displeasure, and was so frightened when he heard you coming, that he slipped into the great chair.

Count. That's a very likely affair, for I sat down in the great chair the moment I came in.

Page. Yes, my Lord; but then I stood trembling behind it.

Count. That's another falsehood, firrah; for I hid behind that chair myself.

Page. Yes, my Lord; but as you slipped behind it I retired, and so crept round, and crouched down where you now see me.

Count. He's a little slippery serpent, that glides into every corner. And this rascal has listened to our discourse. He has heard all we have been talking about.

[*To Susan.*]

Page. Indeed, my Lord, I did all I could not to hear a word.

Count. But I have a great regard for Figaro, and shan't suffer this little villain to impose upon him; so, madam, no husband, no Figaro for you. Here's somebody coming. Get down, you little rascal.

Enter Figaro, Agnes, Lady Almaviva, Peasants and Lasses, at the upper end of the stage. Figaro with a cap in his hand.

Fig. My Lord, we have a petition to make; which I hope for my Lady's sake you'll grant.

Lady. You see, my Lord, the world thinks I have much greater influence over you than I really have.

Count. Oh by no means, madam.

Fig. (to Susan) Be sure you second me.

Susan. It will end in nothing.

Fig. No matter, we'll try at least.

Count. Well, Sir; what's the matter?

Fig. Why, my Lord, our suit is, that the bride should receive this cap from your Lordship's own hands, trimmed with half blown roses and white tiffany, emblems of the purity of your good intentions.

Count. What! are they laughing at me?

Fig. All of you entreat.

Lady. Let me entreat you to grant this request, by the love you once had for me.

Count. And have still, my Lady.

Fig. Never could a more beauteous bride—

Susan. Don't talk of my beauty, but his Lordship's virtues.

Count. My virtues! Yes, they understand one another. (*Aside*)

Susan. Why should your Lordship refuse Figaro's eulogiums, which you merit so well?

Count. Yes, they're laughing at me.—Well, I consent.

Fig. Hannibal, my brave boy, why so dull?

Susan. He's melancholy, because he has disobligerd my Lord, and he's going to send him from the Castle.

All. Oh pray, my Lord, pray forgive him.

Count. He does not deserve to be forgiven.

Lady. Oh, my Lord, let him remain. He's too young—

Count. He's not so young as you imagine.

Agnes. Let Agnes intreat. Have you forgiven, my Lord, what happened yesterday?

Count. Hush, hush; we won't talk of that now.

(*Eagerly.*)

Page. My conduct may have been indiscreet, my Lord; but I assure your Lordship not a word shall pass that I heard in the great chair.

Count. (*stopping his mouth.*) Well, since every body pleads for him I must forgive him. I'll moreover give him a commission in my regiment.

All. Thank your Lordship, thank your noble Lordship.

Count. But on condition he departs this day for Catalonia, to join his corps.

Fig. Oh no; to-morrow, my Lord.

Count. (crossly) No, sir, to-day. Take leave of your godmother, and kiss Susan for the last time.

Susan. No, my Lord, there's no occasion. He'll return again in the winter; and in the mean time he may kiss me if he pleases.

Lady. Since it is not possible my intreaties can procure you leave to continue here, depart, young man, and follow the career of your fortune. Go where glory calls; be polite, victorious, and brave, and be crowned with honour. Yet amidst thy valorous pursuits, do not forget the house in which you have spent some of your first years, and in which you have friends who wish you every success; for be assured we take a part in your prosperity.

Count. You seem agitated, madam.

Lady. Is it not natural, when you know he was brought up in the same house with me? Besides, I'm his godmother. And how could I help it, when I consider the hazards and hardships to which his youth is exposed?

Fig. No more of your thievish tricks here, my Hannibal; no more of your stealing cream, sucking oranges, and smacking your lips at sweatmeats; no more running up and down stairs after the maids to play at hunt the slipper. No, no; now you must march to glory, wheel to the right, face to the left, change your pretty face for a gunpowder complexion, and perhaps have the good fortune to return with a wooden leg, if not entirely cut off by a bullet.

Lady. Pray, Figaro, don't fright him so.

Fig. Oh! if I was a soldier, I'd make some of them scamper.—So, Susan, I find Marcelina means to disturb our wedding.

Count. (Aside) That she shall, I assure you.—I must seek her. (*going.*) Basil, come to my study presently.

[*Exeunt all but Page, Fig. and Basil.*]

Fig. Come, let us go and get our parts perfect in the play, and not resemble those actors, who always are most imperfect and play the worst the first night, when critics are most watchful of faults, and when they ought to play the best.

Basil. My part is more difficult than you imagine.

Fig. And you may get reward for it in a way you don't expect.

Page. You forget, Figaro, that I am going.

Fig. And that you wish to stay, Hannibal.

Page. Ah me! Yes.

Fig. Why then so thou shalt. Put on your boots, take your horse, and gallop to the farm house, put up your horse, and return to the Castle the back-way, enter at the private door, and wait till I come.

Page. Ay, but what will become of Agnes? Who's to teach her her part while I am gone?

Basil. Teach her her part! Why, what have you been about, young gentleman, for these eight days past? Oh Hannibal, Hannibal! the pitcher that goes so often to the well—

Fig. Listen to the pedant and his proverbs! What follows!

Basil. The pitcher that goes so often to the well, stands a chance sometime or other to return full.

Fig. Not so foolish as I imagined. [Exeunt.]

A C T II.

SCENE, *Lady Almaviva dressing, she seated, Susan standing behind.*

Lady. SHUT the door.

Susan. Yes, ma'am.

Lady. And so the Page was hid behind the great chair?

Susan. Yes, ma'am.

Lady. But pray, Susan, how came he in your chamber?

Susan. He came to beseech me to speak to you, to entreat you would solicit his pardon with my Lord the Count.

Lady. But why did he not come to me himself? I not have refused him such a favour.

Susan.

Susan. I dare say you would not. (*Aside*) Bathfulness, my Lady, I assure you. Oh! my Lady, if you had but seen him when he snatched the ribbon! Oh, Susan! says he, she is a divinity! Her manners are so noble; her very smiles are awful!

Lady. Pshaw! Pshaw! And so my Lord the Count has endeavoured to seduce you?

Susan. Seduce, madam! His Lordship hardly takes the trouble. He rather endeavours to purchase me.

Lady. Indeed!

Susan. Can your Ladyship doubt it? And because I don't comply with his requests, he'll certainly put a stop to our marriage, and make my Figaro wed Marcelina.

Lady. An ungrateful man! Open the window, Susan. I am stifled for want of air. My caresses disgust. His own infidelity must be overlooked. Vows and protestations are all forgot; yet my conduct must be irreproachable.

Susan. Ay, there goes my Lord with all his grooms and greyhounds. (*Looking out at the window*)

Lady. Yes, he takes liberty enough. (*Knocking at the door*) Give us time. (*Susan opens it.*)

Enter Figaro.

Lady. Well, Figaro, have you heard of my Lord's designs on your bride?

Fig. Oh yes, in adam; nothing very surprizing in the news.

Lady. Not in making love to your wife! I don't find it so very pleasant.

Fig. Oh, madam, he only endeavours to overturn the schemes of those who frustrate his wishes; and therein he but imitates the rest of the world. He sees a sweet beautiful creature, and desires to have her himself. Can any thing be more natural? I would do the very same. But can't we outscheme him?

Lady. Ay! how pray?

Susan. Ay, that's Figaro's element. Plots and contrivances.

Fig. Ay; I was born to thrive in courts.

Susan. Perhaps 'tis not so difficult to thrive in courts as you imagine.

Fig. Well, but in the first place, my dear Susan, you must appoint to meet the Count at the pavillion in the garden, as he desired.

Lady. How! can you agree to it?

Susan. If he does I won't go to meet him.

Fig. I don't intend you shall. The page shall be dressed in your cloaths.

Lady. The page!

Susan. Here's a pretty plot indeed! Oh what a head! But the page is gone.

Fig. Is he so? But a whisper from me shall bring him back again. And the best way to take care of my posterity is to make the Count watchful of his own.

Lady. This plot corresponds with one I have been thinking of. An anonymous letter must be sent to the Count—

Fig. Informing him that a gallant means to profit by his absence, and is actually at this time making love to the jewel he has neglected, his beauteous Countess. The thing's already done, madam.

Lady. Done, Figaro!

Fig. Yes, madam, the letter's sent.

Lady. And how dare you trifle thus with a woman of honour?

Fig. Oh, madam, 'tis only with a woman of honour that one can trifle, lest the doubt should prove a reality.

Lady. Well, Figaro, I must say you have a most agreeable way of apologising for your offences.

Fig. This will make the Count return to his jewel, who will shine with her former lustre, and again sparkle in his eye; and afterwards, Susan, he won't wish to oppose our inclinations, nor prevent our union.

Susan. Ay, but if he won't, Marcelina will.

Fig. Never mind her. You forget, my dear Susan, that the Count is to be our judge; and after he's entrapped by the page, do you think he'll condemn us? But there's no time to be lost. I'll send him to be dressed immediately.

[Exit.

Susan.

Susan. Madam, here, pray make him sing this song when he comes.

Lady. Yes, and I assure you I shall tell him well of all the complaints I hear.

Susan. Yes, madam; I see you'll scold him heartily.

Lady. What do you say, Susan?

Susan. Oh! nothing, madam. (*Knocking at the door, Susan opens it, and Page enters.*) Come in, Mr. Soldier.

Lady. How innocent he looks!

Susan. And how bashful, madam!

Lady. Well, young gentleman, have you reflected on the duties of your new profession?

Susan. Advance, Mr. Modesty, do but observe his downcast eyes and long eye-lashes.

Lady. Come here, Hannibal. I am not angry with you.

Susan. Ay, go along, you young rake. I'll tell all.

Lady. What makes you so sorrowful, Hannibal?

Page. Alas, madam, I may well be sorrowful, when I am obliged to leave a lady so kind, and so gentle.

Susan. And so beautiful.

Page. Ah! yes. (*Sighs.*)

Susan. Ah! yes.—Well now, let us see if one of my gowns will fit you. Come, stand up. I wish I may die if the little villain is not taller than I am. Hoid up your head.

Lady. Lord! that Figaro has frightened the poor boy quite out of his wits with his horrid prognostics.

Susan. Well, come, Mr. Modesty let's untie your cloak.

Lady. But, Susan, suppose somebody should come?

Susan. Well, madam, suppose they should, we are not doing any harm. But first, I'll lock the door.

Lady. So, Hannibal, you are sorry to leave us?

Page. Ah, yes, madam.

Lady. Don't be terrified. I am not angry with you. I was only going to speak to you on the duties of a soldier.

Susan. (*Coming from the door.*) Well, Mr. Modesty, have you nothing to say to your beautiful Lady?

Page. Yes, that I'm sure I shall love her as long as I live.

Lady. Esteem, Hannibal, you should have said.

Page. Yes, madam, esteem I should have said.

Susan. Yes, madam, esteem he should have said. The poor lad overflows with esteem. Do, my Lady, make him sing those filthy verses I gave you.

Lady. Who wrote them, Hannibal?

Susan. Ay, do but look at him. His sins are writ in his face. They rise in judgment against him. *(He hangs down his head, she lifts it up.)* Could any one but an author look so silly? Do make him sing them, madam.

Lady. Ay, sing them, Hannibal.

Page (*sings.*)

To the winds, to the waves, to the woods I complain ;

Ab ! well-a-day, my poor heart !

They hear not my sighs, and they heed not my pain ;

Ab ! well-a-day, my poor heart !

The name of my goddess I grave on each tree ;

Ab ! well-a-day, my poor heart !

'Tis I wound the bark, but love's arrows wound me ;

Ab ! well-a-day, my poor heart !

The heavens I view, and their azure bright skies ;

Ab ! well-a-day, my poor heart !

My heaven exists in her still brighter eyes ;

Ab ! well-a-day, my poor heart !

To the sun's morning splendor the poor Indian bows ;

Ab ! well-a-day, my poor heart !

But I dare not worship, where I pay my vows !

Ab ! well-a-day, my poor heart !

Susan. Well, come now to try if one of my caps will fit him.

Lady. There's one of mine lies on the dressing table in the next room.

Susan.

Susan. Is there ? I'll fetch it.

[Exit and returns instantly.]

Lady. Is your commission made out Hannibal ?

Page. Yes, Madam, and given me. There it is.

Lady. Already ! They have not lost a moment. Their hurry has made them forget the seal.

Susan (returns.) The seal ! to what, madam ?

Lady. To Hannibal's commission.

Susan. What already ?

Lady. I was saying they were determined to lose no time.—And so, Hannibal, you are sorry to leave the Castle.

Page. No, madam. I am only sorry to leave so dear a Lady.

Susan. Come, down on your knees. Can you refuse before the Countess ? kneel down and adore. What a little villain it is ! *(Puts on the cap.)* I declare he's handsomer than I am. I'm quite jealous of him. Turn your face this way, Mr. Impudence. *(Takes the ribbon out of his bosom, which he had before taken from Susan.)* Here, my Lady, here's your ribbon. I told you I'd tell my lady of all your thievish tricks.

Lady. Fetch me some patches, Susan.

Susan. Yes, madam. *(Pushes down the page who is on his knees, and exit.)*

Lady. Don't be so sorrowful at leaving us, Hannibal. Don't cry.

Page. No, my Lady. *(Knocking at the door.)*

Count (without). Open the door !

Lady. Oh ! it's my Lord.

Page. Oh dear ! where shall I go ? He'll certainly murder me if he finds me here, after the scene of the great chair.

Count. Why don't you open the door ?

Lady. Because—because—I'm alone.

Count. Alone ! why, who are you talking to ?

Lady. Why—to you, to be sure.

Page. Oh ! what shall I do ?

Lady. Run into my room, and lock the door.

(The Countess sees Hannibal in the room, then goes and lets the Count in)

Enter Count.

Count. Do you usually lock yourself in, madam, when you are alone? Who were you talking to? for I don't see any body.

Lady. To Susan.

Count. To Susan! Why, where is she?

Lady. In her own room.

Count. You seem disordered.

Lady. It's easily accounted for. We were speaking of your infidelity, of your jealousy too. You can be as inconstant as you please; and I must see your follies with indifference.

[A great noise, like the tumbling of a bureau or table.]

Count. What noise is that?

Lady. Noise, my Lord! I heard no noise.

Count. No! Then you must be confoundedly absent. There's somebody concealed in your dressing-room, I suppose.

Lady. Who should be there?

Count. That's what I would know, madam.

Lady. Why then, 'tis Susan settling the chairs and table to rights.

Count. A likely thing indeed! Your favourite woman turned housemaid. Besides, you said Susan was in her own room.

Lady. Well; in her room, or my room. 'Tis all the same, I suppose.

Count. Ah! this Susan, my lady, is of late a very notable, nimble, convenient sort of person.

Lady. This Susan, my lord, gives you a great deal of uneasiness, and disturbs your mind very much of late.

Count. Very well, madam, we'll see. So, Susan, if Susan you are, come out. *(She comes out, and seeing the perplexity, slips behind the second wing, unperceived by the Count.)*

Lady. What, my lord! would you have the girl come out half undressed?

Count. Undressed! what at this time of the day?

Lady. Yes. She's trying on one of my left-off gowns that I have just given her.

Count. Well, if she can't walk out, I suppose she

can speak out. I suppose she can answer. Susan, can you answer? (*at the keyhole.*)

Lady. Susan, I say do not answer. Don't speak a word, Susan. (*Pushes him away*)

Count. But, madam, if you are so very innocent, what is the reason, madam, of all this anxiety in your countenance?

Lady. Anxiety in my countenance! These suspicions are very much to your credit, my Lord.

Count. If they are not to your discredit, it will be very well, my Lady. Who waits there?

Lady. Ay do, my Lord; shew your jealousy to your very servants.

Count. Why, madam, I am determined to be satisfied. Appearances give me a sufficient plea; and since you won't let me see who's there, will you consent to accompany me, and get something to force the door?

Lady. Oh! to be sure, my Lord. I'm very ready to go with you. Act as you please, my Lord.

Count. Then why do you force me to act so? and in order to justify your conduct.—I'll make sure of this door. There now, Mrs. Susan, have the complaisance to wait there till my return (*Locks Susan's chamber*). So come along, madam, come along. (*He pulling, she going off with reluctance.*)

Enters Susan. (*She looks about, then runs to the door of the room where the page is.*)

Susan. Hannibal! Hannibal! open the door; come out.

Page. Oh! my poor, dear Lady! what will become of her?

Susan. What will become of my marriage?

Page. And, Susan, what will become of me?

Susan. Don't ask me; but fly, fly!

Page. Fly! which way? all the doors are fast.

Susan. Don't ask me; but fly, fly, fly!

Page. Oh! here's a window open. I'll jump out.

Susan. Oh! you'll break your neck.

Page. No, I shan't. There's a bed of flowers underneath.

derneath. Besides, I'd rather break my neck than ruin my dear Lady, Susan, Susan!

Susan. Well, what do you say?

Page. Give me one kiss.

Susan. There, get along, you amorous rogue!

Page. Now then, down I go. (*Jumps out of the window.*)

Susan. Oh dear! oh, he's safe. There he goes as swift as the wind. If that boy does not make some woman's heart ache by and by I am very much mistaken.—And now, my dear jealous Count, I shall teach you to break open doors. [*Exit.*]

Enter Count and Lady.

Count. And now to see if the doors are fast. Ay, every thing, (*He tries Susan's door.*) just as I left it. Now to come to the proof. If you won't open the door, madam, I'll break it open.

Lady. Oh, my Lord, have a moment's patience, and you shall satisfy your utmost curiosity.

Count. Well, madam, open the door then.

Lady. But first, let me entreat you to think, that however appearances are against me—

Count. Appearances! What then, there is a man, and I have cause for my suspicions!

Lady. A man! no, there is no man, nor any body who can give you the least grounds for jealousy. No injury was intended to your honour, I assure you.

Count. Well, ma'am, come, who is there then?

Lady. Lord! why only a boy, a mere child.

Count. Well, ma'am, come, let's see your child.

Lady. Why, my Lord, 'tis only Hannibal.

Count. What! the page?

Lady. Yes, the page, my Lord, that's all.

Count. Oh! that damn'd, infernal page! Oh then, my suspicions are realized at last. Open the door, madam.

Lady. Excuse, my Lord, the disorder you'll find him in.

Count. Disorder!

Lady. Yes. We were only going to dress him—a
C 2 mere

mere frolic, I assure you—to dress him in woman's cloaths.

Count. I'll rack, I'll tear him! (*Draws his sword.*) And why was I to be kept a stranger to it? Why was it kept a secret from me? But I'll make him a terrible example of an injured husband's wrath.

Lady. Let your indignation light on me. I only am to blame.

Count. I'll massacre him. Let my rage come at him. (*Going up to the door with his drawn sword, Susan meets him. They are all astonished.*)

Susan. Booh! whoo!—

Count. Here's a pretty piece of work! (*Looking at them alternately*) Can you act astonishment too? madam? But perhaps she was not alone. (*Runs into the room.*)

Susan. The page has jumped out of the window, ma'am.

Lady. And broke his neck?

Susan. Hush!

Count. Nobody there. I see I'm to blame. Madam, upon my soul, you are a very good actress. My dear Rosina, pardon me.

Lady. No, my Lord, I am no longer that Rosina you adored, when you prevailed on me to elope from my guardian Doctor Bartholo. I am now only the Countess of Almaviva, a neglected wife, not a beloved mistress.

Count. Nay, my Lady, don't make my punishment too humiliating; and yet I can't help wondering at the agony you appeared in. It was surprizing to see what an air of tragic reality you gave it—so astonishingly natural—such anxiety—such confusion in your countenance!

Lady. In my countenance! No indeed, my Lord.

Count. Yes, faith, there was. Why 'tis scarce serene yet. But come, my Lady, I have been to blame. Be generous.

Lady. As you have been! do you merit it? Do you deserve it, you ungrateful man?

Count. To be so severely punished for my suspicions—you see my confusion—Once more confirm my pardon.

Lady.

Lady. Why, Susan, have I granted it ?

Count. Certainly, my Lady ; certainly, Susan ; certainly, my Lady. (*Kisses his Lady's hand ; then Susan's as he stands between them ; then his Lady's again.*)

Lady. A fine example I set you, Susan ! Who after this will dread a woman's anger ?

Susan. Oh dear ! oh dear ! To suspect a man in my Lady's bed-chamber !

Count. Why didn't you come out, Susan, when I call'd ?

Susan. What ! undressed, my Lord ?

Count. True, true ; I forgot that. But why didn't you answer ?

Susan. My Lady forbid me. And very good reason she had for so doing.

Count. Women make children of us. They are the best politicians after all. If his Majesty was wife, he'd send you, not me, for his ambassador. But why, my Lady, did you act with such resolution ?

Lady. That I might not betray the headlong, thoughtless Figaro.

Count. What then, 'twas he that writ me that anonymous billet ?

Lady. Indeed, my Lord, 'twas written without my knowledge.

Count. But you knew of it afterwards ?

Lady. Why, yes, my Lord.

Count. And who did he give it to ?

Lady. To Basil—

Count. Who sent it by the peasant.—Yes, yes, vile thrummer, you shall pay for all.

Lady. But, my Lord, where's the justice of refusing that pardon to others we stand so much in need of ourselves ? If I should be brought to pardon, it should only be for the passing of a general amnesty.

Count. You did it very well. It's amazing, my Lady, that fiction could give it such a semblance of reality, when you pleaded for the page.

Lady. I dare say, my Lord, you were not sorry for the change. The flight of Susan, I am sure, can't give your Lordship any great offence.

Count. Offence ! no, no. Susan gives me no offence.

Enter Figaro, hastily (surprized at seeing the Count.)

Count. Well, sir, what do you want ?

Fig. Want, my Lord ! They told me the Countess was indisposed : but I am very glad to find her so well. *(Going.)*

Count. You are very attentive to the Countess.

Fig. 'Tis my duty to be so. *(Going.)*

Count. Hold, hold ! Who is to guard the Countess in your absence ?

Fig. Guard her, my Lord ! She seems very well.

Count. Yes ; but from the gallant, who is to profit by my absence.

Fig. My Lord ! *(seems surprized.)*

Count. Who wrote the pretty billet ?

Fig. Not I, my Lord.

Count. If I did not know you lied, I could read it in your face.

Fig. Why then, my Lord, it is my face that lies, and not me.

Lady. It's all over ; the Count knows all.

Susan. Yes, it's all over, and settled, and past. *(They make motions with their hands, but he seems not to understand.)* About the gallant. 'Tis all over ; we have confessed all.

Count. Yes, sir, 'tis all over *(imitating)* and what have you to say to that ?

Fig. Say, my Lord ! I wish I could say as much of my wedding.

Susan. Lord ! why my Lord knows all about the anonymous letter, and the gallant that was to profit by his absence in my Lady's room, when only I was to be there ; so it's all over.

Count. Yes, it is all over.

Lady. We have confessed all.

Fig. Well, since my Lord will have it so, and my Lady will have it so, and you will have it so, why e'en let it be so.

Count. Still at his wiles !

Lady. I wonder you will oblige him to speak truth, my Lord, when you know 'tis so much against his will.

Susan.

Susan. Is the page safe off? (*Aside to Figaro.*)

Fig. Oh yes; you have settled his young joints for him among you.

Enter Gardener drunk, having a flower pot in his hand broken.

Gardener. My Lord, I am sorry to make complaints, but if you don't have these windows nailed up, I shall never have a nosegay fit to give my Lady. See how they break all my pots. They are not content to throw other rubbish out of the window, as they used to do, but just now they tossed out a man.

Count. A man!

Gardener. Yes, in white stockings, my Lord.

Count. And where is this man?

Gardener. That's what I want to know, my Lord. I wish I could find him.

Fig. Oh fie! quite tipsy.

Gardener. I am your Lordship's gardener; and though I say it, a better gardener is not in all Spain. But if chamber-maids are permitted to toss men out of the windows to preserve their own reputation, what's to become of mine?

Count. What of the man, sir? On with your story. What followed?

Gardener. I followed as fast as I could, my Lord 'til happening to make a false unfortunate step, I came with such a whirl against the gate, that I fell down and quite forgot my errand.

Fig. O fie! totting so soon in a morning! for shame!

Gardener. Shame! why can one begin one's day's work too soon?

Count. Day's work, firrah!

Gardener. Yes, my niece is to be married to day; and I'm sure she'd never forgive me if I did not—

Count. Get drunk an hour before your time. Do you think you should know this man again?

Gardener. Oh! to be sure I should, my Lord—if I had seen him now.

Count. Rascal, if you don't find him, I'll send you packing to the devil.

Gardener.

Gardener. Indeed but you won't; for if your Lordship don't know when you've got a good gardener, I know when I've got a good place.

Fig. Indeed, my Lord, don't talk any more to that drunken fellow. I'll satisfy your doubts. 'Twas I that leaped out of the window.

Count. You!

Fig. Yes, me, my Lord.

Count. A likely thing indeed! You to jump out of a one pair of stairs window, at the hazard of your neck!

Fig. Oh, my Lord, no danger. Like a cat I always light upon my legs, and the ground is very soft.

Gardener. And his neck's in no great danger of being that way broke.

Count. And why, why did you jump out of the window?

Fig. Why! had not you just received a letter, my Lord, since I must own it? And was not you coming in a monstrous passion to my Lady's room, much sooner than we expected? I hurt my ankle a little, but that's a trifle.

Gardener. Well, if it was you, you are grown plausibly fat since; for you did not look so tall then by the head and neck.

Fig. Look! why, you fool, does not a man always double himself up when he takes a leap?

Gardener. No, no, no, (*shaking his head.*) It looked more by half like the page.

Count. The page! oh that damn'd page!

Fig. Oh yes; a likely thing he would come galloping back from Seville, horse and all, to take a leap out of the window.

Gardener. No such thing, my Lord, I'll take my oath, I saw—no horse leap out of the window.

Fig. Come along, my dear Susan, come along; let us prepare for the ceremony. (*Takes Susan in his hand, and is running off.*)

Gardiner. Well, since it was you, as I'm an honest man, I ought to give you this paper, that dropped out of your pocket.

Fig.

Fig. Paper ! (*Striving to get it before the Count, who takes it.*)

Count. Ay, fir, paper. Now, now, if it was you, you can guess what paper this is, what it contains, and how it came into your pocket.

Fig. (*Taking out several, and making signs for Susan to overlook the commission*) I have such a multiplicity of papers, 'tis not easy to ascertain—No, no, it is not that—That's a double letter from Marcelina—seven pages—a love epistle—it would do your heart good to read it—No, no, nor it is not this. This is a petition from the poacher who is in prison. I never delivered it, because I knew your Lordship had too much business on your hands at present, to attend to such half-starved rascals—No, nor is it that. That is a list of your Lordship's laced ruffles, ruffs, roses and sword-knots.—No, nor is it this.

Count. No, fir, 'tis neither this, that, nor t'other, that are in your hand ; but this, this, this paper that you must account for.

Lady. Hannibal's Commission, (*to Susan.*)

Susan. Hannibal's commission, (*to Figaro.*)

Count. I see, fir, you know nothing of the matter.

Gardener. My Lord says you know nothing of the matter.

Fig. Stand out of the way, fellow, none of your whisperings to me. I want no information.—Oh dear ! what a blockhead was I not to think of it before ! That paper, my Lord, is Hannibal's commission. The poor boy will be distracted.

Count. Well, fir ; and what, what did you do with it ? How came you by it ?

Fig. By it, my Lord,—to—to—

Count. To—to—to—

Fig. To get—

Count. To get ! what, fir ? it wants nothing.

Susan. It wants the seal. (*Aside to Figaro.*)

Fig. It wants—

Count. Ay, fir, what—what does it want ?

Fig. Why, no great matter, my Lord ; only tis customary for your Lordship to fix the seal to a commission.

Count.

Count. The seal! (*opens it.*) Oh Count, Count, thou shalt be a dupe.

Fig. I hope your Lordship is not going without giving orders for our wedding.

Enter Marcelina.

Marc. Forbear, my Lord, to give such orders! I have a bond of his, in which is a promise of marriage.

Fig. A promise made for the payment of money borrowed, that's all, my Lord.

Count. Well, fir, it behoves not us who have the administration of justice in our own district, to suffer such practices to pass with impunity on our vassals. However we may privately esteem them, we must not suffer them to be guilty of public injuries. The officers will soon be assembled in the great hall. There we'll decide.

Enter Basil, Bounce, Peasants and Girls.

Basil. My Lord, your Lordship is acquainted with my claim for Marcelina. I hope to be honoured with your support.

Count. Are you there, fir knave? Approach, good Basil, thou faithful agent of our will and pleasure!

Basil. Your Lordship is pleased to joke with your humble servant.

Count. And where's the Peasant, fir knave, that brought me the letter.

Basil. My Lord, I know of no such Peasant.

Count. You'll be pleased to find him though, notwithstanding.

Basil. Sir, my business is not to go on errands. Only consider, my Lord, how it would degrade a person of my talents: I, who teach the harpsichord to her Ladyship, and the mandarine to her woman; and am always at command when ever it pleases you to call upon me to entertain your Lordship, or your Lordship's good company with my voice and guitar.

Bounce. My Lord, if you please, I'll go. I shall be proud to serve your Lordship.

Count.

Count. What's thy name, eh?

Bounce. Patro Bounce, my Lord; I'm firework-maker to your Lordship.

Count. I like thy zeal, Bounce. Thou shalt go.

Bounce. Thank your Lordship. Thank your noble Lordship.

Count. And, good Mr. Bafil, will you please to accompany Mr. Bounce with your voice and guitar? He's part of my good company.

Bounce. Thank your Lordship. I am part of his Lordship's good company. Who would have thought it?

Bafil. Oh, my Lord,—

Count. Do it, sir, obey—or depart from my service.

[*Exit Count.*]

Bafil. Well, I'll follow you, good Mr. Bounce; for it is not for me to wage war with a lion—

Fig. Who art only a calf. (*patting his head.*)

[*Exeunt Bafil and Bounce.*]

Lady. So I was near getting into a pretty scrape by Figaro's plot. (*She drops the ribbon*)

Susan. Yes, Ma'am, a pretty scrape indeed!—Oh! here's the page's ribbon.

Lady. Give it me. I'll keep it as a memento of the poor boy's danger. To jump out of the window!

Susan. Yes, but he's very safe; and now we must prepare for the pavillion.

Lady. After this fright the poor lad will never be brought to face him again. I must detest this Count in his infidelity. Success has emboldened me, and I'll meet him myself, then nobody can be accused. You'll not tell any body, Susan?

Susan. No, ma'am, except Figaro.

Lady. I'll have no exceptions. He'd spoil our plan, by mixing it with some plot of his own. You know my Lord has promised you a portion. Perhaps I may double it for thee. These men you know, Susan, are liberal in their pleasures. 'Tis no more than your deservings.

Susan. Dear madam, your project is an excellent one, and I shall yet have my Figaro.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

SCENE, *The great Hall for the trial.**Enter Count and servant.*

Count. HERE, take this with speed to Seville, enquire if the page has joined his regiment, and at what hour exactly; give him that commission, and return like lightning.

Servant. But if he has not joined his Regiment.

Count. Return still quicker; fly, begone!—I was wrong to send Basil out of the way. He might have been serviceable at this time; but the passionate are never wise, and my passions had gained a mastery of my reason, and appeared as wild and incongruous as the wind.—If the Countess, Susan and Figaro are plotting together to betray me.—If that was the page in her bed-chamber—No, no, it could not be. She would not suffer it—Her honour, my honour—my honour! who's to take care of it? my wife—Oh yes, a husband's honour is devilish safe in his wife's keeping. I'll find Figaro; and if I find he has been plotting against me, he marries Marcelina.

Enter Figaro.

Fig. Perhaps not. (*Aside.*)

Count. Then what must Susan be?

Fig. My wife, if you please

Count. (*turning quick*) Your wife! Pray, sir, who are you talking to? Who did you say your wife to?

Fig. To one of the servants. I was telling him to go and say so and so to my wife, if he pleased.

Count. You are plaguy fond of your wife I think.

Fig. Yes, my lord; I love to be singular.

Count. Well, sir, and where have you been? You have kept me here waiting a long time.

Fig.

Fig. Only changing my stockings that I dirtied with leaping out of the window.

Count. Servants are longer dressing than their masters, I think.

Fig. And with reason. Servants are obliged to dress themselves.

Count. (aside) I'll see if he's willing to go with me. If not, Susan has told him.

Fig. (aside) He has some mischief in his head; but I'll watch him close.

Count. Figaro, I designed to take you with me to Paris; but on recollection, you don't understand French.

Fig. Oh yes, my Lord, perfectly.

Count. Indeed! come, let's hear.

Fig. There, my Lord. (*Chinks a purse.*)

Count. And is that all the French thou understandest?

Fig. And enough, my Lord. This is a language understood in every quarter of the habitable globe, and no where better than in Paris. *Si vous plea* and a purse is all that's necessary. Let but silver sound in a Frenchman's ear, and he'll understand you without an interpreter.

Count. Then thou'rt no politician. Thou knowest as little of politics as thou dost of French.

Fig. Pardon me, my Lord, I'm a very great politician. But the man must be a fool who values himself upon politics. To be very consequential, shut yourself up to cut pens into tooth-picks, while the servants have orders to say that you are very particularly engaged: always to appear studious for the good of the state, but to follow nobody's interest but your own and party. This, with assembling to say nothing, intercepting letters, et cætera, is the whole mystery of politics.

Count. This is the conduct of a partizan, not politician.

Fig. They are synonymous terms, my Lord.

Count. She has not told him, he is so willing to go to Paris. (*Aside.*) And I suppose too, Figaro, you'd be for taking your wife with you.

Fig. No, my Lord; I shall be obliged to leave her so often, the cares of the marriage state would sit too heavy on me.

Count. Yes, she has told him, and he marries Marcelina. Come here, my dear Figaro, nearer. I recollect the time, my dear Figaro, you used to be more open, when (*leaning on his shoulder, and coaxing*) you used to tell me every thing.

Fig. And now, my Lord, I conceal nothing from you.

Count. Then why art thou so mysterious in thy conduct?

Fig. Because, my Lord, the conduct of others is mysterious.

Count. Be sincere, Figaro; what did the Countess give you for this last plot?

Fig. Just as much as your Lordship gave me after your marriage for assisting you to steal your Lady from Doctor Bartholo. How does he like the retort? (*aside.*)

Count. But why is she so uneasy? You know I indulge her in every thing, load her with presents and trinkets. I even anticipate her wishes, and give her—

Fig. Every thing but yourself, my Lord. Of what use are trinkets, when we are in want of necessaries?

Count. Indeed, my dear Figaro, appearances speak thee a very great hypocrite.

Fig. Appearances, my Lord, are frequently false. I am much better than I appear to be. Can the great say as much? (*Count leaves off leaning on him.*) How do you like that? (*Aside.*)

Enter Servant.

Servant. Don Guzman and the officers are without.

Count. Let them wait.

Fig. Ay, let them wait.

Count. And dost thou think thou'lt gain thy cause?

Fig. I hope so, my Lord, your Lordship being Judge, who respects justice too much yourself not to grant it to others.

Count. Yes, yes, he does marry Susan. (*Aside.*)

Fig. He has been angling for gudgeons, and what has he caught? (*Aside.*) Pray what did your Lordship want with me?

Count.

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.

39

Count. To see that the hall is ready, and seats fitting for the trial.

Fig. That is already done, my Lord. There is the great chair for your Lordship, a chair for the president, forms for the counsel, a stool for the clerk, and the mob in the back ground. *[Exit Figaro.]*

Count. He's too cunning. There's no getting any thing out of him, and he does not marry Susan. They may toy and kiss a little, but no marriage.

Enter Susan.

Susan. My Lord!

Count. My Lady.

Susan. My Lady has sent me for your Lordship's smelling bottle. She has got the vapours.

Count. There. And when she has done with it, you may borrow it for yourself.

Susan. Oh, my Lord, vapours are too polite a complaint for a servant.

Count. Fits, fits may follow. Love, so great as your's, can't brook disappointment; and when Figaro marries Marcelina—

Susan. Suppose the worst, my Lord, we can pay her with the portion your Lordship promised.

Count. With the portion that I promised!

Susan. Yes, my Lord; I always understood so.

Count. Ay, that is if you would please to understand me.

Susan. 'Tis never too late, my Lord, to repent my faults.

Count. Hey! and dost thou repent? *(Eagerly.)*

Susan. My Lord, I'll endeavour to mend.

Count. And wilt thou take a walk this evening?

Susan. Why, my Lord, don't I take a walk every evening?

Count. No, no, no. That won't do. Let us understand one another. No pavillion, no marriage.

Susan. And no marriage, no pavillion, my Lord.

Count. Ah, thou dear creature! *(Kisses her hand.)* What a witty devil it is! But why were you always so

inexorable to deny me with such obstinacy, even this morning?

Susan. This morning, my Lord! and the page in the chair!

Count. Oh that damn'd page!—and to every application that Basil has made!

Susan. Indeed, my Lord, it was not necessary to have a proxy; to have such a knave as Basil privy to our meetings.

Count. True, true, you sensible devil! But now I know you'll tell Figaro.

Susan. To be sure, my Lord; I always tell him every thing, but what it is necessary to conceal.

Count. But you had better return to my Lady. She'll suspect us. You know she'll want the smelling bottle.

Susan. No, she won't, my Lord. Could not your Lordship perceive I long wanted an excuse to speak to your Lordship?

Count. (*Running up to her.*) Oh thou dear charming creature! (*Figaro enters at the same instant, turns round, and goes off. The Count cries hem! turns round, and goes off. Figaro then comes on again.*)

Fig. Well, my dear Susan, what does he say?

Susan. Say!—Come along, my dear Figaro, thou hast gained thy cause. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Count.

Count. Thou hast gained thy cause! So, my pair of knaves, am I your dupe! You've gained your cause! You may spread the net, but the cuckoo is not caught yet. Proceed we then to judgment. I am calm, cool, inflexible. We have gained our cause! Oh ho! [*Exit.*

Enter Marcelina, President, and doctor Bartholo.

Mar. Mr. President, I took this opportunity just to explain to you the justice of my cause.

Doctor. And to shew on what grounds we proceed.

Pres. Well I co—co—co—comprehend. And we will ex—ex—examine this ma—ma—matter impartially.

Mar.

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.

41

Mar. I have got a bond—

Pres. A bo—bo—bond! Well, I co—co—comprehend.

Mar. Given under his hand to marry me, or pay a sum of money.

Pres. Which mo—mo—money you have received.

Mar. No, no. Which money I have lent.

Pres. Le—le—lent! Do you think I don't co—co—comprehend? Which money is repa—pa—paid.

Mar. No, no, Mr. President; it is not repaid; he is still in debt.

Pres. Oh ho! I co—co—comprehend. And so, he wa—wa—wants to ma—marry you to pay his de—de—debts?

Mar. No, no; he will neither marry me, nor pay his debts.

Pres. Wha—what—do you th—th—think I don't co—comprehend?

Doctor. Are you to judge this cause, Mr. President?

Pres. To be su—su—sure I am. What do you th—th—think I pu—pu—purchased my pa—pa—place for? Where is the de—de—defendant?

Enter Figaro.

Fig. Here I am at your service.

Doctor. Yes, that's the knave.

Pres. So, he—he—here is a cau—cau—cause brought against you for a bre—bre—breach of ma—ma—marriage?

Fig. A breach of marriage! a mere Bagatelle.

Pres. Ba—ba—bagatelle! So breach of ma—ma—marriage with him is a mere ba—ba—bagatelle! Did you see Do—Do—Double-fee, my cle—cle—clerk?

Fig. Yes. That was a duty not to be neglected.

(Significantly.)

Pres. Oh! I co—co—comprehend. He's not so great a fo—fo—fool as I imagined. And do you th—th—think you'll cast the pla—pla—plaintiff?

Fig. Certainly, as you are one of the judges.

Crier (entering). Room in the court for my lord the count!

Enter Count, with proper attendants, Basil, Gardener, and Agnes.

Count. Oh, noble Don Guzman, are you here? This trouble is unnecessary.

Pres. Ma—ma—marriage forms are sa—sa—sacred things.—

Count. Call silence!

Crier. Silence in the court!

Pres. Read, Dou—Dou—Double-fee.

Clerk. Jane, Maria, Marcelina, Angelica, Spinster, against Figaro.—Here's no surname.

Fig. Anonymous.

Pres. Ano—no—no—nonymous! I never heard that name before.

Clerk. Against Figaro Anonymous. Of what profession?

Fig. Gentleman.

Count. Gentleman!

Fig. Yes. I might have been born a prince if it had pleased heaven.

Clerk. The action is for a breach of promise of marriage; and the parties, contrary to all custom, have no counsel, but intend to plead their own cause.

Fig. And with reason. They are a set of gentlemen so very learned, they generally understand every thing but their briefs.—The question before the court is—

Clerk. 'Tis not you to speak: You are the defendant.

Pres. Who pl—pl—pleads for the pl—pl—plaintiff?

Doctor. I do.

Clerk. You!

Doctor. Yes, me.

Count. How! a doctor turned lawyer!

Fig. Yes; and equally skilful in both.

Clerk. Have you got the bond?

Doctor. Yes; here it is.

Clerk. Read it.

Doctor. "I acknowledge to have received from Jane Maria Marcelina Angelica, the sum of two thousand piaſtres, in the caſtle of Count Almaviva; which sum I promise to pay to the ſaid Jane Maria
" Marcelina

" Marcelina Angelica on demand, and to marry her." signed " Figaro."—Never did cause more intricate, more interesting, or of more consequence come before this court, for 'tis not only for money borrowed, but for breach of promise, and concerns the lives, liberties, and properties of all the subjects in this domain. Nay, it concerns the universal good of mankind ; for surely this plaintiff is the most injured, from Alexander, that great and immortal man—

Count. Hold, doctor, before you proceed, enquire if the defendant does not acknowledge the validity of the bond ?

Pres. Mr. Ano—no—nonyous, do you acknowledge the validity of the bo—bo—bond ?

Fig. My lord, and gentlemen of the court, this cause is either founded on fraud, error, malice, or mischief ; for the words of the bond run thus, " I acknowledge to have received the sum of two thousand piastres from Jane Maria Marcelina Angelica, which sum I promise to pay, *or* to marry her."

Doctor. I say 'tis *and* to marry her.

Fig. I say 'tis *or*.

Doctor. And.

Fig. Or.

Doctor. Well, suppose it is ?

Fig. No, doctor, I'll have no suppose. I'll have it granted.

Count. Let the secretary read the bond.

Pres. Ay, do you read it, Dou-Dou-Double-fee.

Clerk (reads). " I acknowledge to have received from Jane Maria Marcelina Angelica the sum of two thousand piastres, in the castle of Count Almaviva ; which sum I promise to pay the said Jane Maria Marcelina Angelica on demand, *and or—and or*" — the word is blotted.

Pres. The word is blo—blo—blotted !

Doctor. The sense of the phrase is equally clear, for the word or particle *or* means otherwise or either, or sometimes before, as thus :

" Or ere the sun has climb'd the western sky,

" 'Tis fate decrees the victims all must die."

Fig. Pshaw ! pshaw ! This is the language of prophecy,

phcey, and spoken of the doctor's own patients. My lord, you have heard his orations, so classical, and conundrums grammatical; and now——

Count. We have heard enough. (*Coming down, the President, Council, and Count converse.*)

Gardener. I am glad they have put an end to this prating.

Marc. Their whisperings bode me no good. That jade Susan has corrupted the chief judge, and he is corrupting all the rest.

Count. As the promise of marriage is not fully established, Figaro certainly remains at liberty to dispose of his person.

Fig. Excellent! then I am happy.

Marc. And I am miserable.

Fig. I have gained the day.

Marc. I knew it would be so.

Count. But as the bond clearly proves the sum borrowed, he must pay it or marry her, in the course of the day.

Fig. Undone! undone!

Gardener. Thank you, my lord, thank your noble lordship! I am glad you are not to marry my niece. I'll go and tell her the good news. *Exit.*

Crier. Clear the court!

Fig. 'Tis this Furzeball, this Fungus of a president, that has lost me my cause.

Pres. There! he calls me a fu—fu—furzeball! He calls me a fu-fu-fungus!

Fig. And now, depend on't, I'll never marry her.

Pres. You must ma—ma—marry her.

Fig. What, without the consent of my noble parents!

Count. Who are they? Name them.

Fig. I must first know where to find them. I have been seeking them these fifteen years.

Doctor. What! a foundling!

Fig. No, sir, not a foundling. I was stolen by gipseys; but by the gold, jewels, trinkets, rings, and other valuables found upon me, they must be noble.

Count. Hold, sir! this is too palpable. *[Exit.*

Fig. Besides which, I have the mark of a lobster—
Mar.

Mar. On your left arm!

Pres. Of a lo—lo—lobster!

Mar. 'Tis he, 'tis he himself! 'Tis my long-lost Fernando!

Doctor. Yes, 'tis Fernando!

Fig. Oh, sir! shew me to my illustrious parents.

Doctor. Illustrious! There—behold thy mother.

Fig. Mother! Nurse you mean?

Doctor. Thy own mother.

Fig. Explain.

Pres. This will be no ma—ma—match.

Mar. Ay; and there—behold thy father.

Fig. My father; the devil he is!

Mar. Ay, this was the cause of all my affection for thee. Did'st thou never find love plead powerfully within thee?

Fig. Never.

Mar. Come to my arms, for I dearly love thee!—
This was the cause of all my fondness!

Fig. And my aversion—Instinct is very powerful.
(*embrace.*)

Enter Susan, Gardener, and Agnes.

Susan. Here, Figaro, this will pay the bond. Oh!—

Fig. Oh Susan! my dear, come back.

Susan. No; if you are so very fond of her, you had better marry her.

Fig. You are mistaken, Susan.

Susan. No, I am not mistaken—take that, and that.
(*Beats him.*)

Fig. Why, Susan, my dear love, this is my mother.

Susan. Mother!

Marc. Yes, my dear Susan, I am his mother, and will be a mother to thee too. Let me embrace thee.

Susan. And wilt thou consent that I shall wed my Figaro?

Marc. Most willingly. There is the promise.

(*Gives it.*)

Susan. And there is the portion. [*Gives the purse.*]

Fig. Oh, my dear Susan!—My dear mother!

Pres. I'll be ha—ha—hanged if they are not cry—
cry—crying; and I'm as great a fo—fo—fool as the best.

Fig.

Fig. My dear father !

Doctor. I your father !—Begone—I disclaim you.

Gardener. Why then, if you are his father, you're a Turkish Jew, and no christian.

Doctor. I disown him. He robbed me of my ward, cheated me of my money, and turned my wisdom into ridicule.

Susan. And arn't you glad to have a son wiser than yourself ? I think you ought to be pleased to have a son a wise man.

Doctor. I'd have no man wiser than myself. [*Exit.*]

Gardener. Look you, I'm an old Castilian, and a good christian ; and unless your father and mother become man and wife, you shan't have my daughter. No. She shan't marry the child of nobody.

Pres. The ch—ch—child of nobody ! Did you ever hear such an old fo—fo—fool ? Why, don't you know that every ch—ch—child must be the ch—ch—child of somebody ? Have you lived to these ye—ye—years, without knowing that every ch—ch—child must have a fa—fa—father ? [*Exeunt different ways.*]

A C T IV.

Enter Figaro and Susan.

Fig. WELL, dear Susan, they're reconciled at last, and these so lately our implacable enemies, are now our best friends ; and she's to be married to the doctor to-morrow morning.

Susan. What unexpected happiness !

Fig. Ay, all by chance. I was the child of chance. By chance I was got. By chance I was born. By chance I was lost. By chance I am found. By chance I have lived ; and by chance I shall die.

Susan. And by chance you may come to be hanged.

Fig. Or thou to be an empress.

Susan.

Susan. No chance of that I believe.

Fig. 'Tis not impossible. The monarch who ravages the earth, who fights for kingdoms, empires, and whose pride eats up whole nations, is not less the child of chance, than the blind boy led by a dog, who begs—

Susan. But suppose we quit this chance subject, and talk of the other little blind boy, the little rogue Cupid?

Fig. True, true, my dear Susan! (*Kisses her hand.*)

Susan. Ah! Figaro, were these days but durable—

Fig. Durable! May ten thousand imaginary gallants haunt me by day and night, if my love for thee is not sincere, and as lasting as life! 'Tis fixed as adamant.

Susan. Is it? then say no more; but let us endeavour to convert the iron bonds of matrimony into flowery wreaths, which love shall teach us to bear lightly and cheerfully through life.

Fig. And thus live a happy example to the married world.—But, Susan, who's to go in disguise to meet the Count at the pavillion? not thee!

Susan. No, that I won't I assure thee.

Fig. No, let him wait and fret—an unreasonable poacher!

Susan. Ay, let him fret. I have no inclination to go, I assure you.

Fig. Have n't you? Is that the truth? And dost thou love me?

Susan. Ay, too much I believe.

Fig. That's impossible; for too much is not enough in love's creed.

Susan. I don't understand this over-refinement; but feel that I shall love my husband heartily.

Fig. Wilt thou? Keep thy word, and put our modern wives to the blush.

Susan. Or rather, afford them a subject for laughter; for we shall be ridiculed most completely.

Enter Countess.

Lady. Ay, where-ever you start one, you will find a pair. Figaro, the bridemen and maids are waiting for you.

Fig.

Fig. Are they? I'll take my excuse in my hand. They won't scold so sweet an object.

Lady. No, no. She must stay for us to contrive matters for the rendezvous. Leave her for once.

Fig. Adieu, my Susan. [*Kisses his hand, and Exit.*]

Lady. Well, now to prepare for the pavillion.

Susan. Which pavillion is it? There are two.

Lady. Yes, but they are opposite each other. At what hour shall we meet?

Susan. I don't know, my Lady. Let me see.

Lady. Ay, that must be fixed. Here sit down, take the pen and ink, and write—A new song to the tune of the twilight past the bell had told.

Susan. (*writing.*) "The twilight past the bell had told"—Lord! Madam, what can this mean?

Lady. Dost thou think he will not understand thee?

Susan. Oh! true, true, madam. But what shall I do to seal it? Here's neither wax nor wafers.

Lady. Seal it with a pin, and write on the direction, return the seal.

Susan. (*writes.*) "Return the seal," as a token that he understands us. But what shall I do? Can your ladyship give me a pin?

Lady. Ay, there's a pin. (*She drops the page's ribbon.*)

Susan. Oh! madam, here's the page's ribbon again.

Lady. Would'st thou have me let him wear it? No: I'll keep it to give to Agnes the first bouquet she presents me with.

Enter Page, dressed as a girl, Agnes, and six others as country lasses.

Agnes. We are come preparatory to the nuptials, to present your ladyship with a nosegay.

Lady. As we can take but one, I'll fix here. (*Takes the page's, and kisses his forehead.*) Don't you think that girl resembles the page exceedingly? (*aside to Susan.*)

Susan. Yes, amazingly indeed, madam.

Page. What a precious kiss! I feel it here.

Gradener. (*without.*) Yes, my lord, I'm sure 'twas him. The young rogue is disguised amongst the girls, for I found his hat and cockade in the basket.

Enter

Enter Count and Gardener.

Gardener. Ha, ha! my little imp of wickedness, come along.—Here, my lord, here's a pretty virgin.

Count. Why am not I obeyed, you little rascal?—Well, my lady, what do you say to this?

Lady. Well, my lord, I am as much surprized as you. I assure you I knew nothing of his being here; but since you have found him, 'tis necessary to tell you the whole truth. The page was in my chamber this morning. We attempted a joke, which it seems these girls have since put in practice.

Count. And pray, madam, why was it concealed from me? Why was I not made acquainted with it?

Lady. Because when your passions are so violently predominant, you are incapable of believing truth.

Agnes. Oh! my lord, you know you came yesterday to my chamber, and you kissed me.

Count. Hush!

Agnes. And you said, my pretty Agnes, if you'll love me, I'll give you any thing. Now, my lord, if you'll give me Hannibal for a husband, I'll love you as long as I live with all my heart.

Gardener. You see, my lord, what a giddy young thing it is.

Count. And very loving too.

Gardener. Ay, my lord, her mother was just such another.

Enter Figaro.

Fig. Oh! my lord, if you keep all the pretty girls away, we shan't be able to prepare the dance.

Count. Dance! why you can't dance I suppose!

Fig. Why not, my lord?

Count. What! with a strain'd ankle?

Fig. Oh! that's a trifle, my lord; it's very well now.

Gardener. Yes, you always double yourself up when you take a jump.

Count. How unhappy the poor boy will be about his commission!

E

Gardener.

Gardener. And how fortunate it was for you to light upon such soft ground!

Count. That—that—No, that's not it—that's a double letter from Marcelina, seven pages, 'twou'd do your heart good to read it.

Gardener. And then, like a cat, you always fall upon your legs.

Fig. Why, my dear lord, what is the meaning of all this?

Gardener. Do you know this pretty blooming virgin, this modest lady?

Fig. The devil!—Hannibal!

Count. Yes, fir; Hannibal.

Fig. Well, my lord, what riddle has he to expound?

Count. No riddle, fir, but a truth. He affirms that 'twas himself jumped out of the window.

Fig. Does he so, my lord? If he says so, I dare say it was so.

Count. What, fir; two at a time!

Fig. Two, my lord! two hundred. One sheep leaps first, and the rest follow of course.

(Flourish, as if to prepare for procession.)

Count. Why are you not gone, fir?

Page. My lord, I only waited to teach Agnes the love scene in the new comedy.

Count. Well, fir, get you to your chamber, undress yourself, pull off your petticoats, and don't let me meet you abroad at your peril till I give you leave.

Page. No matter. I bear that upon my forehead, which will compensate for an age of imprisonment.

[Exit.]

Count. His forehead! What does he mean? What can he bear off triumphantly on his forehead?

Lady. His officer's hat I suppose. Young people are fond of any new bauble. *(The procession here follows, and after a dance.)* ——— *(Susan gives the letter to the Count.)*

Count. Sealed with a damn'd pin!—*(He throws it down, having pricked his finger in the opening it.)*

Fig. *(to Marcelina.)* The Count has received a letter from somebody, sealed with a pin. It's a fashion he don't seem to admire.

Lady. Come with me, Susan. Let us make haste to change our dresses. [*Exeunt Lady and Susan.*]

Count. (*Having read the letter turns to the cover.*) Return the seal. (*Picking up the pin*)

Fig. There's a value in every thing that appertains to a beloved object. You see the Count even stoops for a pin.

Count. Let the marriage articles be drawn out, my dear Figaro, and I will sign them.

Mar. and Fig. Thanks, gracious lord!

Bounce (*going off*) Now I'll go and prepare my fireworks near the pavillion in the garden.

Count. Pavillion! Hold, hold, hold—the countess is not well enough to go abroad; so let them be played off opposite to her window. (*Exit Bounce.*) The rascal was going to set fire to my rendezvous. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Now, my dear son, I hope to see you happy. I am extremely sorry, my dear Figaro, to have been the occasion of creating you so much uneasiness and jealousy.

Fig. Jealousy! no, no. Jealousy is the foolish child of pride, the passion of a madman; my philosophy is invulnerable.

Enter Agnes. (*Looking about.*)

Fig. Ay, you may look; but Hannibal is not here now.

Agnes. I don't want to see Hannibal; my business is with my cousin Susan.

Fig. Ay! for what pray?

Agnes. Only to give her a pin.

Fig. A pin! And how dare you to go upon such errands? What! you are a perfect mistress of your business already!

Mar. Oh! fie, son, for shame!

Fig. Well, well, I did but just—I know you are going with it from the Count.

Agnes. Then since you know so well, why need you ask?

Fig. Only to hear what he said when he gave it to you.

Agnes. Go, my pretty Agnes, says he, go to your cousin Susan, and give her this pin, and tell her 'tis the seal of the new song, about the twilight in the garden, near the pavillion.

Fig. The pavillion!

Agnes. Yes, the pavillion.

Fig. Near the pavillion. Well, Agnes, go and give it to her. Execute your commission just as he desired you.

Agnes. To be sure I shall. Lord! my cousin takes me for a ninny I believe. [Exit.]

Fig. So, mother!

Mar. And so, son!

Fig. Here's a pious daughter for you, and will make a most virtuous wife.

Mar. Oh fie, son, to make such a piece of work about a pin!

Fig. A pin, that has wounded me to the heart!

Mar. Fie, son! Jealousy you know is the passion of a madman; and you to have such a weak mind! You, whose philosophy is invulnerable!

Fig. Well, be quiet—Oh, Susan, Susan!—What—I will detect her, expose her, and abandon her to the whole world.

Mar. What! without being convinced! condemn her, without hearing her defence! unheard!—Art thou sure she'll go to the rendezvous?

Fig. Well, well, I will be pacified. But my amorous count shall find, that I can be at the pavillion as soon as his lordship.

[Exeunt.]

A C T V.

SCENE a Garden.

Enter Agnes, with a dark lanthorn.

Agnes. I WONDER where Hannibal is. He has not half taught me my part, and he's almost starved with staying in that room; and the hard-hearted cook would not give me a morsel for him; so I was obliged to beg these cakes and this orange of the butler. It cost me a good kiss of the cheek, but I know who will repay me. — Oh dear! here's somebody coming.

Exit into Pavillion.

Enter Doctor, Figaro, President, Gardener and Basil.

Basil. What time is it?

Gardener. 'Tis almost the moon's rising.

Pres. 'Tis pl—pl—plaguy dark.

Doctor. I think we look like a parcel of conspirators.

Fig. You understand why you are brought here. 'Tis to be witnesses of the conduct of my most virtuous bride, whom I am about to espouse, and of the noble count, who so liberally and generously bestowed her on me.

Gardener. Ay, this will be precious revenge.

Doctor. Consider, son, there has ever been a respect—

Fig. Paid to vice.

Doctor. But he is a lord.

Fig. And I am a man. Yes, I am a man, if the nocturnal spirit of this woman does not make a monster of me.

Doctor. Well, but be satisfied. A wise man never has any contest with the great. 'Tis as bad as Don Quixote's contest with the windmill; for they twirl and beat you about just as they please.

Fig. And so, because my amorous Count is a nobleman, and I am only a domestic, he thinks I am not entitled to the common rights of mankind. Fie, fie! How little it makes the great ones look! Those they cannot degrade they endeavour to crush.

Doctor. There's somebody coming, so come away. None but a Fool would stay.

Pres. No, none but a fo—fo—fool would stay. So do—do—doctor, do you hear? You may stay, and keep him co—co—company. [*Exeunt Doctor and President.*]

Enter Countess and Susan.

Susan. I heard somebody, I'm sure.

Lady. No, 'twas nothing. Susan! Is not Figaro to be here?

Susan. Yes, I think I see him.

Lady. I'll step into the pavillion there. I shall hear all.

Susan. And I'll go and take a walk. 'Twill amuse me.

Fig. Oh! the cockatrice!

Lady. It may give thee cold.

Susan. No, I shan't take cold to-night. [*Exit.*]

Fig. No, she'll not take cold to-night.

Enter Page.

Page. Hey! there's a female. Is it Agnes? No. By her long lappets and white feathers it should be Susan. Oh, my dear Susan, let me give thee one kiss for thyself, and a hundred for thy beauteous lady.

Lady. Oh fie! Hannibal, have done!

Page. 'Tis in vain to answer no, since I have caught thee here alone. (*She puts him away gently, he kisses her hand.*)

Enter Count.

Count. Hey! Did I not hear somebody? That damn'd infernal Page here again!

Page. But why so coy, Susan? I know 'tis not Figaro that is to meet you here, but my lord the count. I heard the appointment when I was in the great chair.

(*Figaro moves gently to the place they are talking, and my Lord goes to the same spot; an*

as the Page is running to get the Kifs, he sees my Lord, and slips by. Figaro gets at the same time in his place, and receives a slap on the face—the Page laughs.)

Count. Since you are so fond of kissing, take that—Do such salutations make the rascal laugh?

Fig. 'Twould be very odd, indeed, if such salutations were to make him cry. [Exit Page.]

Count. What an angel form! Oh, my sweet Susan, why dost thou tremble so?

Lady. But, my Lord, the Countess may find us. *(laughs.)*

Count. You have got a cold. What a lovely hand is here! How unlike is this to the Countess's! What rapture in the touch of these lovely, long, taper fingers! Let these kisses speak my joy, my pleasure!

Lady. You loved the Countess once, or you would not have taken the trouble to steal her from her guardian.

Count. True, but three years better acquaintance has made the marriage state so respectable—then wives are so loving, that is when they do love, that they are surprized to find satiety. They expect to ensure our fidelity by being always wives, whereas sometimes they should become—

Lady. What, my Lord!

Enter Susan, and stands at the pavillion door

Count. Our Mistresses. Love is but the romance of the heart, pleasure is its mistress. My dear girl, I hope you'll not forget this lesson.

Lady. Not I.

Susan. Nor I.

Fig. Nor I.

Count. What! are there echoes here?

Lady. Yes.

Count. And, my dear Susan, but one grain of compliance to thy composition, and thou wilt be the most lovely, the most adorable, the most charming mistress!

Lady. 'Tis my duty to obey my Lord.

Fig. Her duty! Oh, the jade!

Count.

Count. Ay, Susan, woman's duty is unlimited. Here's the portion I promised thee; and here's a ring, which I entreat thee to wear for my sake.

Lady. Susan accepts thy favours.

Fig. Faithless jade!

Lady. Sure, I see some torches coming this way!

Count. They are preparatory to thy nuptials. Shall we step into this pavillion?

Lady. What! in the dark?

Count. Why not? There are no spirits.

Fig. Yes, there are, and evil ones too. (*Just as they approach the pavillion Figaro cries hem! then the Count puts her in, and retires.*)

Count. Who goes there?

Fig. A man.

Count. Hush! 'tis Figaro. I'll be with you in a minute.

Fig. Go, for a false, faithless, abandoned jade as you are!—Who comes here? 'Tis the Countess—Oh, madam!—

Enter Susan.

What blessed angel has sent you here? You have no idea of what is going forward. You don't know that your most noble Count and my most virtuous bride are now at this instant together in the pavillion.

Susan. I'll fit you presently for your suspicions—Yes, I know more than you think I do, Figaro.

Fig. And will you not be revenged, madam?

Susan. Yes, you know women's revenge is always in their own power.

Fig. Eh! what does she mean? That would be glorious revenge indeed!—On any other occasion, my respect, my esteem, my reverence for your Ladyship, would forbid my entreaties. But now, upon my knees, my dear Lady, let me solicit the honour of your hand.

Susan. There—take it. (*Smacks his face.*)

Fig. This is the day of stripes.

Susan. And that—and that—you good for nothing

false-hearted fellow, to make love to me, thinking me to be the Countess

Fig. Oh! my dear Susan, take thy revenge. Never did man or master suffer with greater extacy. Oh! happy Figaro! and dost thou love me?

Susan. Dost thou want another proof?

Fig. Thine are proofs of love, my Susan. The Count's were not quite so soft.

Enter Count.

Count. Now the coast seems a little clear; so now to pay a visit to my dear Susan.—Hey! what do I see? the Countess!

Fig. There's my Lord. Observe and second me.

Count. A man with her!

Fig. Come, madam, let us no longer converse of love, but retire, and enjoy love's treasures.

Count. Hell! hell and damnation! This is not to be borne!

Fig. Oh, madam, upon my knees let me entreat. I could not have supposed you could have hesitated a moment. Why will you not revenge yourself for all the wrongs you have suffered from a faithless man? *(He kisses her hand, she embraces him in extacy, the Count seizes him by the collar, she runs into the pavillion.)*

Count. Villain! whoe'er thou art—Have I caught thee?—Lights! lights!

Enter Servant.

Servant. Here's the page's commission, my Lord. I could not find him.

Count. Get out, you rascal! *(Knocks down the commission, the man goes off.)*

Enter Bounce, and Servants with torches.

Count. Now, rascal, declare before this company, who the Lady is that went into the pavillion.

Fig. Into that pavillion?

Count. No, no, no. Not that pavillion, but that.

Fig.

Fig. That alters the case, my Lord.

Count. Rascal! tell me this instant, or my just rage shall end thy treacherous existence!

Fig. My Lord, the lady who went into that pavilion, is a lady whom my Lord once honoured with his addresses, but who now, happening to love me more than my betters, has this day done me the honour of giving me the preference.

Count. For once he tells truth. Yes, gentlemen, I just now heard it from the mouth of his accomplice.

Pref. Mo—mo—mouth of his ac—ac—accomplice.

Count. I drag the wretch to immediate conviction—
(*Exit, and enters immediately with page*) Come forth, madam. Come along, come along.

All. Why this is the page.

Count. The page! (*starting*) Again and again, and everlastingly, that damn'd diabolical page!

Pref. This is the da—da—damn'd di—di—diabolical page.

Count. But you shall see he was not alone.

Page. Oh no, my lot would have been hard indeed then.

Count. (*to Gardener*) Go you and fetch the lady, Drag the wretch before the judge.

Gardener. Come forth, come along, madam.
(*Bringing Agnes out.*)

All. Why this is Agnes.

Pref. This is A—A—Agnes!

Gardener. That's a very good joke indeed, my Lord, to be sent in before all these folks for my own daughter.

Count. I'll find her I'll warrant. (*Going.*)

Doctor. (*Stopping him.*) No, no. Permit me to go.

Count. No, you shan't. Let me go. I will pass.

Doctor. No, no, you are too passionate, my Lord—
(*Goes in*) Come along, come along.

All. This is Marcelina. Ha, ha, ha!

Pref. This is Ma—ma—Marcelina!

Count. Where is this daughter of infamy, who thus evades my fury?—Oh! here she comes, bearing her own shame, and my dishonour.

Enter

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO. 59

Enter Susan.

Doctor. Oh! madam, don't fear, my Lord will excuse you. I dare say my Lord's goodness will overlook and pardon.

Susan. Ay, pray, my Lord, pardon us. (*Kneels.*)

Fig. Ay, see we kneel, pray pardon us. (*Page, Agnes, and Fig. kneel.*)

Count. No, no, no! Though all the earth should kneel and ask, I'd refuse.

Enter Countess.

Lady. At least I'll make one of the number.

Count. (*Turning and starting.*) The Countess!

Pres. The Co—Co—Countess! Oh! I co—co—comprehend.

Count. The Countess! I see I'm rightly served. A generous pardon, my Lady, though unmerited.

Lady. Now, my Lord, was I to follow your example, I should exclaim No, no, no! but my Lord no sooner requests than I grant.

Susan. And I.

Fig. And I. What! are there echoes here?

Lady. Susan, here's the portion my Lord promised you, and here's the ring he entreated you to accept.—Oh! what dear, sweet, long taper fingers! Oh! how unlike are these to the Countess's. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Susan. There, Figaro, take the gold.

Fig. 'Twas devilish hard to get at.

Count. And the letter you sent me—

Susan. Was dictated by my Lady.

Count. I'm an answer in her debt.

Doctor. Thus every man has his own again.

Bounce. And shall we throw the stocking?

Lady. There's the garter.

(*Bounce is going to take it up.*)

Page. This is mine, and who shall dare to take it?

Count. What so bold, my young champion? Pray, how did your valour like the box of the ear I gave you?

Fig. Which I very kindly received.—Well, my Lord,

Fig. That alters the case, my Lord.

Count. Rascal! tell me this instant, or my just rage shall end thy treacherous existence!

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Fig. Which I very kindly received.—Well, my Lord,

Lord, I think the examples of a few such days as these would form an excellent ambassador.

Count. Well, Mr. President, what do you say to all this?

Pref. Sa—fa—say to this! Oh, I co—co—comprehend.

Fig. To see the blessings of Providence! But yesterday I was a poor orphan, without friends or fortune; and to-day I have relations, gold, and a handsome wife.

(Shaking the purse.)

Doctor. And friends will flock in abundance.

Fig. Do you think so?

Doctor. I know so.

Fig. Well, let them. They shall be welcome all I have, my wealth and my wife excepted.

Susan by the hand, and leads her forward.

Susan. Enough the *Follies of a Day* can bring,
So fast prolific Nature here does spring;
Yet, in one point I wish to set you right,
'Tis at our neighbours faults you laugh to-night;
We do not at one English folly glance,
But merely shew you what is done in France.
Your smiles can cheer us, and with genial
ray
Alone do gild the *Follies of a Day*.

F I N I S.

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